

G. Purkis, Scribe. After devotional exercises and reception of new members, reports were rendered from the several churches. The work in all our Quebec churches seems to be well maintained, and in some places has quite perceptibly advanced. The Rev. Mr. Hall gave an interesting account of the Home Mission work, and the Rev. Mr. Rivard reported his French mission at Belle River. It was voted to commend this French mission to the interest and support of our Congregational churches. The Association then adjourned to attend a reception given by George Hague, Esq., to the delegates to the Congregational churches of Montreal. The public meeting at which a sermon and addresses were usually presented, gave place this year to a public missionary meeting. This meeting was held in Emmanuel Church on Tuesday evening, and missionary addresses were presented by the Rev. Messrs. Hall, Adams, Brainerd, and the Rev. Dr. Allen, of Boston. Several interesting discussions took place at the session on Wednesday morning. One was the question of eleemosynary aid to students. The custom prevalent in some theological seminaries, of offering large inducements, in the way of money aid, to secure students was severely deprecated. Such a custom, it was contended, endangered both the self-respect and self-reliance of the student. It was, therefore, voted to urge upon our College board the adoption of measures which should not necessarily diminish the aid offered to needy students; but which should require from the student an equivalent in work of some kind or another, either religious or secular. At the closing session on Wednesday afternoon a new constitution was presented, discussed and accepted. Rev. George H. Welles, of the American Presbyterian Church, was present with his customary denominational independence and genial good nature. A few remarks of cordial welcome and encouragement were made by Geo. Hague, Esq., after which the association adjourned to meet again in September with the Sherbrooke church.

Received since last acknowledgement: Zion Church, Toronto, \$37.66; United and Christmas Collection, Zion and Northern, \$12.34; Ottawa Church, \$30; Donation—Mrs McGregor, \$1.

Next quarterly payment of annuities falls due May 1st. Will those churches who have not hitherto contributed, kindly bear this in mind; and send their contributions before that date if possible to Chas. R. Black, Secretary Treasurer, 6 Lemoine street, Montreal.

WHAT a multitude of threads make up a fringe: and yet how beautiful when completed. And here is found a beautey of the real Christian life—the highest, truest Christ an life. There are not a few who may be willing upon rare and notable occasions to do or suffer some great thing for Christ but the ten thousand little things of life are entirely beneath their notice, as they also suppose them beneath the notice of the Lord.—Henson.

THREE BUGS IN A BASKET.

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two,
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you.
So the strong one said, "We will eat the bread,
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarrelling
The white, the black, and the gold;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was war in the basket,
And pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too.

Now, when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree
The white, the black, and the gold
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
And leave no bugs in the cold. —Alice Cary.

A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. When asked if her heart was changed her true and beautiful answer was: "Something, I know, is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a great change somewhere, I am sure, for every thing is different from what it once was." A very apt commentary on that passage, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."

THE arrivals and departures at this earth station are registered by statisticians as follow: Arrivals, about 70 per minute; 100,000 per day; 36,892,000 per annum. Departures, about 67 per minute; 67,790 per day; 35,639,835 per annum. All these millions, going out in an unbroken stream from this earth station, are pouring into the depot of eternity, filling up the unmeasured territory of the unseen world. When did you arrive? When will you depart? Are you ready?—*Evangelical Messenger.*